[A 2]

LETTER
TO THE
Author of the *SPEAKER*.

A
POEM.

Parturiunt Montes, *nascetur* ridiculus Mus.

WHAT a diverting Sight it wou'd have been,
To have obſerv'd you *ſauntring* t'wards the *Green*:
Making thoſe *Obſervations* as you went,
So worthy to appear abroad in *Print*?
Sauntring indeed, as many a *SAWNY* did,
With *Woodcocks* Brains beneath *grave Aſpect* hid.
Of *ſuch* I ſaw a very num'rous Throng,
Inſulting *Church-Men* as they paſs'd along,
Which there's no doubt but you might croud among.
Their Brows the Tempeſt of their Paſſions ſhew,
Which Curſes falling, on their own Heads *blow*
Others with daring Air and Geſture wild,
Threaten Revenge —— and *Church* and *Country*'s ſpoil,
Whilſt *Loyal Patriots* by *Religion mild*,
Chaſtiſe their *Malice* with a ſcornful Smile.
Not *Rebel like*, and boldly inſolent,
Thir what they dar'st 'gainſt *Queen* and *Church* to vent. Still

1714

Still *ſauntring on*, you own you ſaw a *Seat*
Projected well, the *Author's* Skill complete:
Then reſt aſſur'd no skilful Hand wou'd found,
A *Structure* on a *Bottom* was not ſound.
But let me ask you before you *ſaunter on*,
Where this your *fam'd Proceſſion* was begun?
Crown-Alley End I reckon you ſet out,
Or from the *Mitre*, which is thereabout.
For how cou'd you paſs by that *Lordly Haunt*
The *Roſe*, and not make ſome fine *Complement?*
The *Kitchen*, where are Cook'd thoſe nice *Ragoos*,
And other *Kickſhaws*, which the Houſe amuſe;
I——s ſowc'd, and *P——s* laid up in *Pickle*,
To ſerve in time their *motly Conventicle*,
Exalted *Pile* which worthily may vie,
With *Bedlam* for the Sup'riority;
There *Bacus* rules, who with his liquid Whip,
Makes them more giddy, and more frantick skip.
The Difference is, that *thoſe* by Fits are mild,
But *theſe* are ever Lunatick and wild.
Oh! who can e'er forget that douty Plan,
Which here was toſs'd up in the *Frying-Pan*:
A *Mouſe-Trap*, for a *Buck* they'd fain have toil'd,
And for a *Breakfaſt* on the *Grid-Ir'n* broil'd;
But hiſt at loud with Scorn the loſty *Coll'n*,
For Diſappointment's ever ſince Chop-fall'n.

But hold, I left him *ſauntring* —— now I ſee,
Liſted his Hands and Eyes, and fall'n the Knee,
Adoring (*Papiſt-Like*) an Effigy;
Praiſing the *Horſe* which the *good King* had thrown,
(A *Sorrel* too) and broke his Collar-Bone.
He ſaw that *Truncheon* graſp'd within his hand,
Which *Ormonde* reſcu'd by a bleeding Stand,
When ne'er a *Whigg* durſt prove himſelf his Friend.

Ah

Ah! Had he pass'd that way some Months ago,
H' had seen it wrested from him by the Foe;
So helpless, useless and defenceless thing,
To Self, or Friends, is a departed King.
Laurels at *Boyne* and at *Namure* he won,
But *ANNE* has ev'ry Year put greater on:
You walkt, the Croud grew thick, you saw the *Dome*,
Where *Ireland*'s Sons (said right) were *wont* to come.
But are there not some *Patriots* also now
Within the House? —— Sir that's Contempt I vow.
As to Men's Manners I have naught to say,
The *Queen* is the best Judge how they obey.
They have discover'd *Villanies* indeed,
And more *Injustice* than all former did;
And to be sure all Laws for *Commonweal*,
Must needs be wholsome —— if they pass the *Seal*.

High o'er the rest great *B——k* mounts the Chair,
But what d'ye mean... *with a misterious Air*?
For *Misteries* you know are never clear.
And do you make the *Members* but a *Throng*,
Nay hang them too —— upon the *Speaker*'s *Tongue*.
Come Sir, this way's *misterious* sure enough,
You seem to praise, and yet you slily huff.
Now for a *Muse* of *Fire* that I might sing
Like some Dwarf Bard before a Pigmy King;
And make with wild *Jargoon* the Chief appear,
As monstrous as the Giant of Dispair:
Then shou'd his rusty Buff like Armour shine,
And *Grandeur* sparkle in bright Thoughts like thine:
His *Head* shou'd reach as high as any *Star*,
And I wou'd call him *Thunderbolt of War*;
Nay too, for fear that I shou'd wrong his Praise,
I'Vou'd swear he vanquish'd *Hosts* himself with ease.
But when your *Poets* in loud Raptures cry,
I burn —— I feel the Fire —— I rage —— I dye ——

'Tis but a little rumbling of that *Wind*,
VVhich is to all uneasy whilst confin'd,
And does the *Belly* not the *Fancy* swell,
As when 'tis out proves plainly by the *Smell*.
Sydrophel thought he had a *Star* in Sight,
VVhen it was but the *Lanthorn* of a *Kite*;
And many think the gods inspire their Brain,
VVhen 'tis a Maggot only gives them pain.
So when your Torrent is rush'd down the Hill,
It ends a Puddle or appears a Rill.

You burn all sees, and with your scorching Lays,
You set your Hero with you in a blaze;
Your fulsome Praises to Reflection turn,
And make what was Design'd his *Spire*, his *Urn*.
This *Tully* wou'd have told you when invok'd,
Shou'd he have risen from his *Grave* provok'd:
But what need he be troubl'd to appear,
When his great *Genius* in his stead is here?
Except it be to pull *M——t F——h*'s Nose,
And *yours*, for stealing Pye-bald *Verse* and *Prose*.

Now *Muse* by keeping you against your *Will*,
You shan't have Cause, like *his*, to use me ill,
VVho drain'd and spent, his *Blood*, and *Vein*, and *Store*,
Left (as she found) his wasted Spirits poor,
VVhen he for Spight, when he cou'd do no more,
Produc'd *Three Lines* of *Bombast vile*, to prove
The *Rape* committed on him by his *Muse*.

This is to be read with that Paper to which it is an Answer.

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